

personal initiative. He does not make a good superintendent or foreman, unless there is another superintendent above him. He is far from feeling personal responsibility, and is therefore unfit to govern.

Then I talked with several of the superintendents in the Government Bureau of Printing, of which I have already spoken, where we were so surprised and pleased to find Filipinos manipulating such complicated machinery and showing such linguistic ability as proofreaders in several languages. In reply to our questionings the American superintendent said, "Self-government? Not in a hundred years." This judgment was also based on their personal experience, and was decidedly the most encouraging we had yet heard. The reasons urged were almost the same as those presented by the school superintendent. They feel that the race is still in its childhood; three hundred years of Spanish rule have not brought it to maturity. Now a boy may be wonderfully clever, he may possess many of the characteristics of developed manhood, but until he has reached the years of maturity he is not ready to bear successfully the responsibilities of a man.

Then we had our long talk with the governor-general, and of course asked him the same question. His answer shortened the period still more. He said, "Not for two generations." He laid great stress upon public education, and incidentally I want to say that the government is doing splendid work along this line at an annual cost of more than a million dollars.

Governor Smith feels that the case with the present generation of adults is nearly hopeless, but the children can be taught. However, they are in school only a part of the time, and at home a good deal of the time, and family influence is inevitably a strong factor in a child's development. Returning to such homes as they have, some of the good that the schools are doing is naturally erased, so the Governor expects only partial results from the present generation of children. But with their children the case will be different, and with the oncoming of the children's children the future wonderfully brightens. In other words, the Governor would answer our question by saying, "Not for sixty years at least."

Then, of course, we had many talks with the missionaries of several denominations. I put their opinions last because I truly feel that it is the most important of all. They come to know the natives with an intimacy and with a sympathy that no other class of men do, and not one of them with whom I conferred feels that the present generation of Filipinos can possibly govern themselves. These missionaries, who have no commercial or political axes to grind, and who have at heart simply the good of the Filipinos, feel that we Americans are, in the providence of God, the natural instructors and guides of the Filipinos, and that we are morally bound to keep the government in our hands until our task is complete, not for our sake chiefly, but for the Filipinos' sake.

The intemperate talk of political agitators at home, who, totally ignorant of real conditions in the Island, are clamoring for Filipino independence, has done these poor people a great wrong, it has caused the death of many a brave American soldier (and having met some of our soldiers here, it makes me fume

to know how they are maligned in some quarters at home), and finally such wild talk at home for political ends has vastly complicated the intricate problems which the civil authorities here are striving to solve.

No, the Filipinos are not ready to govern themselves, and will not be for many a long year to come, but after all, their great lack, I am convinced, is not intellectual, but moral. The Christian Church holds the key that will unlock the door to Philippine freedom, and it alone. What Governor Smith said about home influence is true, but what those homes need even more than the geography and arithmetic, which the children are learning in school, is the gospel of Jesus Christ. Let us thank God for the phenomenal growth of the Protestant Church in the Philippines, and by our prayers and gifts help to solve in God's own way the problem of the Philippines.—The Westminster.

TWO INFIDEL NEIGHBORS.

Two infidel neighbors lived among the hills of New England. One of them heard the Gospel, was convicted of his sins, and believed unto eternal life. Soon after he went to his infidel neighbor's house, and said, "I have come to talk to you; I have been converted."

"Yes," sneered the other, "I heard that you had been down to the meeting and had gone forward for prayers. I was surprised, for I thought you were as sensible a man as any in town."

"Well," said the first, "I have a duty to do to you. I haven't slept much for two nights for thinking of it. I have four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came two years ago with your mark on them, and I took them and marked them with my mark. You inquired all around but could not find them. They are in my field now, with their increase, and I want to settle with you if you are willing, or you can settle with me by the law if you will."

The other infidel was amazed, and told his neighbor that he could keep the sheep; only to please go away. He trembled at the thought that something had got hold of his old friend which he did not understand. He repeated: "You may keep the sheep, if you will only go away."

"No," said the Christian, "I must settle this matter up, and can not rest until I do. You must tell me how much."

"Well," replied the other, "pay me the worth of the sheep when they went to you, and six per cent interest, and please go away and let me alone."

The Christian laid down the amount and then doubled it. He went his way, leaving his old friend's heart heavily loaded. The full result of that scene is known only to God. But today the other infidel is going to the house of God.—Rev. A. S. Burrows.

I was staying one day at an inn in Northern Italy where the floor was dreadfully dirty. I had it in mind to advise the landlady to scrub it, but when I perceived it was made of mud I reflected that the more she scrubbed the worse it would be. . . . Ours is not a case for mending, but for making new.—C. H. Spurgeon.